

## WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZ, 693 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultz's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.



## MET SITUATION ALL RIGHT

Small Boy at Least Showed That He Was Possessed of the Quality of Resourcefulness.

Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska remarked at a social gathering that when one was doing his best it was all that could be expected of him, and contributed the following story as an illustration:

One afternoon little Jimmy was invited to take tea with a chum, and when he returned home he found his mother anxiously waiting for him.

"I hope, Jimmy," said the mother, after listening to snappy details of the affair, "that you remembered to wash your hands before you went to the table."

"We were called in so quickly," answered Jimmy, "that I didn't have time to wash but one."

"Wash but one?" exclaimed his mother, with much concern. "What did you do?"

"Why, I ate with that one," was the reassuring reply of Jimmy, "and kept the other in my pocket."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### Reasonable Inquiry.

"I should like a porterhouse steak with mushrooms," said the stranger, "some delicately browned toast with plenty of butter—"

"Scuse me, suh," interrupted the waiter. "Is you tryin' to give an order or is you jes' reminiscin' bout old times?"

### Indian Warriors.

A company of soldiers recruited from the Mohawk tribe of Indians was sent to England for training several weeks ago and is now in action on the continent.

### The Refusal.

He—How'd you like a pet dog? She—Now, Charlie, haven't I told you that I don't intend to marry?

### Mostly So.

"What were the chief features of that meeting?" "I think they were the ayes and noes."



**ECONOMY TALK** is all right—**ECONOMY PRACTICE** is better. **INSTANT POSTUM** is an economy drink—absolutely no waste. Besides, it is convenient, saves fuel and sugar and leaves nothing to be desired in the way of flavor. **TRY A CUP!**

# "OVER THE TOP"

By An American Arthur Guy Empey  
Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

## EMPEY WRITES AND STAGES A PLAY BEHIND THE LINES WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

**Synopsis.**—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrades falls, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. After exciting experiences on listening post duty and observation post duty, Empey is picked for patrol duty in No Man's Land and has narrow escape from death.

### CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

—14—

While they are talking, an old Jew named Ike Cohenstein comes along, and Abe engages him for cashier. After engaging Ike they meet an old Southern negro called Sambo, and upon the suggestion of Ike he is engaged as porter. Then the three of them, arm in arm, leave to take possession of this wonderful palace which Abe has just paid \$6,000 for. (Curtain.)

In the second act the curtain rises on the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, and the audience gets its first shock. The saloon looks like a pig-pen, two tramps lying drunk on the floor, and the bartender in a dirty shirt with his sleeves rolled up, asleep with his head on the bar.

Enter Abe, Sambo and Ike, and the fun commences.

One of the characters in the second act was named Broadway Kate, and I had an awful job to break in one of the Tommies to act and talk like a woman.

Another character was Alkali Ike, an Arizona cowboy, who just before the close of the play comes into the saloon and wrecks it with his revolver.

We had eleven three-hour rehearsals before I thought it advisable to present the sketch to the public.

The whole brigade was crazy to witness the first performance. This performance was scheduled for Friday night and everyone was full of anticipation; when bang! orders came through that the brigade would move at two that afternoon. Cursing and blinding, was the order of things upon the receipt of this order, but we moved.

That night we reached the little village of S— and again went into rest billets. We were to be there two weeks. Our company immediately got busy and scoured the village for a suitable place in which to present our production. Then we received another shock.

A rival company was already established in the village. They called themselves "The Bow Bells" and put on a sketch entitled, "Blighly—What Hopes?" They were the divisional concert party.

We hoped they all would be soon in Blighly to give us a chance.

This company charged an admission of a franc per head, and that night our company went en masse to see their performance. It really was good. I had a sinking sensation when I thought of running my sketch in opposition to it.

In one of their scenes they had a soubrette called Flossie. The soldier that took this part was clever and made a fine-appearing and chic girl. We immediately fell in love with her until two days after, while we were on a march, we passed Flossie with "her" sleeves rolled up and the sweat pouring from "her" face unloading shells from a motor lorry.

As our section passed her I yelled out: "Hello, Flossie; Blighly—What Hopes?" Her reply made our love die out instantly.

"Ah, go to h—!" This brought quite a laugh from the marching column directed at me, and I instantly made up my mind that our

sketch should immediately run in opposition to "Blighly—What Hopes?"

When we returned to our billet from the march, Curley Wallace, my theatrical partner, came running over to me and said he had found a swanky place in which to produce our show.

After taking off my equipment, and followed by the rest of the section, I went over to the building he had picked out. It was a monstrous barn with a platform at one end which would make an ideal stage. The section got right on the job, and before night had that place rigged out in apple-pie order.

The next day was Sunday and after church parade we put all our time on a dress rehearsal, and it went fine.

I made four or five large signs announcing that our company would open up that evening at the King George the Fifth theater, on the corner of Ammo street and Sandbag terrace. General admission was one-half franc. First ten rows in orchestra one franc, and boxes two francs. By this time our printed programs had returned from London, and I further announced that on the night of the first performance a program would be given free of charge to men holding tickets costing a franc or over.

We had an orchestra of seven men and seven different instruments. This orchestra was excellent, while they were not playing.

The performance was scheduled to start at 6 p. m.

At 5:15 there was a mob in front of our entrance and it looked like a big night. We had two boxes each accommodating four people, and these we immediately sold out. Then a brilliant idea came to Ike Cohenstein. Why not use the rafters overhead, call them boxes, and charge two francs for a seat on them? The only difficulty was how were the men to reach these boxes, but to Ike this was a mere detail.

He got long ropes and tied one end around each rafter and then tied a lot of knots in the ropes. These ropes would take the place of stairways.

We figured out that the rafters would seat about forty men and sold that number of tickets accordingly.

When the ticketholders for the boxes got a glimpse of the rafters and were informed that they had to use the rope stairway, there was a howl of indignation, but we had their money and told them that if they did not like it they could write to the management later and their money would be refunded; but under these conditions they would not be allowed to witness the performance that night.

After a little grousing they accepted the situation with the promise that if the show was rotten they certainly would let us know about it during the performance.

Everything went lovely and it was a howling success, until Alkali Ike appeared on the scene with his revolver loaded with blank cartridges. Behind the bar on a shelf was a long line of bottles. Alkali Ike was supposed to start on the left of this line and break six of the bottles by firing at them with his revolver. Behind these bottles a piece of painted canvas was supposed to represent the back of the bar, at each shot from Alkali's pistol a man behind the scenes would hit one of the

bottles with his entrenching tool handle and smash it, to give the impression that Alkali was a good shot.

Alkali Ike started in and aimed at the right of the line of bottles instead of the left, and the poor boob behind the scenes started breaking the bottles on the left, and then the boxholders turned loose; but outside of this little fiasco the performance was a huge success, and we decided to run it for a week.

New troops were constantly coming through, and for six performances we had the "S. R. O." sign suspended outside.

### CHAPTER XIX.

On His Own.

Of course Tommy cannot always be producing plays under fire but while in rest billets he has numerous other ways of amusing himself. He is a great gambler, but never plays for large stakes. Generally, in each company, you will find a regular Canfield. This man banks nearly all the games of chance and is an undisputed authority on the rules of gambling. Whenever there is an argument among the Tommies about some uncertain point as to whether Houghton is entitled to Watkins' sixpence, the matter is taken to the recognized authority and his decision is final.

The two most popular games are "Crown and Anchor" and "House."

The paraphernalia used in "Crown and Anchor" consists of a piece of canvas two feet by three feet. This is divided into six equal squares. In these squares are painted a club, diamond, heart, spade, crown, and an anchor, one device to a square. There are three dice used, each dice marked the same as the canvas. The banker sets up his gambling outfit in the corner of a billet and starts bally-hoing until a crowd of Tommies gathers around; then the game starts.

The Tommies place bets on the squares, the crown or anchor being played the most. The banker then rolls his three dice and collects or pays out as the case may be. If you play the crown and one shows up on the dice, you get even money, if two show up, you receive two to one, and if three, three to one. If the crown does not appear and you have bet on it, you lose, and so on. The percentage for the banker is large if every square is played, but if the crowd is partial to, say two squares, he has to trust to luck. The banker generally wins.

The game of "House" is very popular also. It takes two men to run it. This game consists of numerous squares of cardboard containing three rows of numbers, five numbers to a row. The numbers run from one to ninety. Each card has a different combination.

The French "estaminets" in the villages are open from eleven in the morning until one in the afternoon in accordance with army orders.

After dinner the Tommies congregate at these places to drink French beer at a penny a glass and play "House."

As soon as the estaminet is sufficiently crowded the proprietors of the "House" game get busy and, as they term it, "form a school." This consists of going around and selling cards at a franc each. If they have ten in the school, the backers of the game deduct two francs for their trouble and the winner gets eight francs.

Then the game starts. Each buyer places his card before him on the table, first breaking up matches into five-piece pieces.

One of the backers of the game has a small cloth bag in which are ninety cardboard squares, each with a number printed thereon, from one to ninety. He raps on the table and cries out: "Eyes down, my lucky lads."

All noise ceases and every one is attention.

The croupier places his hand in the bag and draws forth a numbered square and immediately calls out the number. The man who owns the card with that particular number on it, covers the square with a match. The one who covers the fifteen numbers on his card first shouts "House." The other backer immediately comes over to him and verifies the card by calling out the numbers thereon to the man with the bag. As each number is called he picks it out of the ones picked from the bag and says, "Right." If the count is right he shouts, "House correct, pay the lucky gentleman, and sell him a card for the next school." The "lucky gentleman" generally buys one unless he has a miser trace in his veins.

Then another collection is made, a school formed, and they carry on with the game.

The caller-out has many nicknames for the numbers such as "Kelly's Eye" for one, "Leg's Eleven" for eleven, "Clickety-click" for sixty-six, or "Top of the house" meaning ninety.

Empey tells in the next installment how the war is crumbling the British wall of caste, which once was insurmountable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THINKING MORE ABOUT DEATH

War's Effect on the Minds of Englishmen Is Declared to Have Been Extraordinary.

In England the effect of religious thought of three years and a half of war has been extraordinary. The revival of religious fervor, in many instances the direct result of personal loss by death or fear of impending loss, has reflected itself in English literature.

The most astonishing of all recent conversions is that of H. G. Wells, hard-headed and yet tender-hearted Socialist, who now writes of religion as if it were a discovery of his own.

Another writer who has been led by the war in faith in a life beyond the grave is Sir Oliver Lodge, whose book, "Raymond," dealing with the communications said to have been received from his son, is one of the phenomena of present-day literature.

The war is making the world think intently about death and what comes after and, in consequence, is urging them to establish a closer relation during life with the eternal.—Exchange.

### Tree That Wouldn't Die.

One of the giant redwoods in Mendocino county, California, has shown that in spite of its combined foes, the wind and the forest fire, it has made up its mind to keep right on living in the same spot where it has stood for dozens of years. During a terrible storm on the mountain the top of this big tree was broken off, and later the trunk was nearly destroyed by a forest fire; yet enough vitality remained for a young tree to rise from the roots of the older one and to grow up within the wide trunk which serves as a protection against the wind. The original tree was a magnificent specimen more than 11 feet in diameter, towering high in the air, and its youthful successor should be of goodly size when the old stump is ready to fall away.—St. Nicholas.

## FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these hateful spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

### She Was Used to It.

Mrs. Patricia remarked to the new servant: "I suppose, Mary Ann, you overheard my husband and me conversing rather earnestly this morning?"

"Indeed, I did that, mum," replied Mary Ann.

"I hope that you did not consider that anything unusual was going on."

"Niver a bit, mum. I wanst had a husband meself, mum, and niver a day passed that the neighbors didn't believe that one or the other uv us would be kilt entirely."

### Encouraging.

"There's a man outside who says he's your tailor and wants to see you about a bill."

"Tell him I've gone to attend the funeral of a rich relative from whom I expect to inherit a great deal of money."

"Have you lost a relative, sir?"

"No; but that fellow has been here so many times I feel I ought to say something that will make him feel better."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

### Frank.

Newlywed—I met Bob Spilkins today and he said he envied me.

Wife—Bob Spilkins! I told you to cut Bob Spilkins.

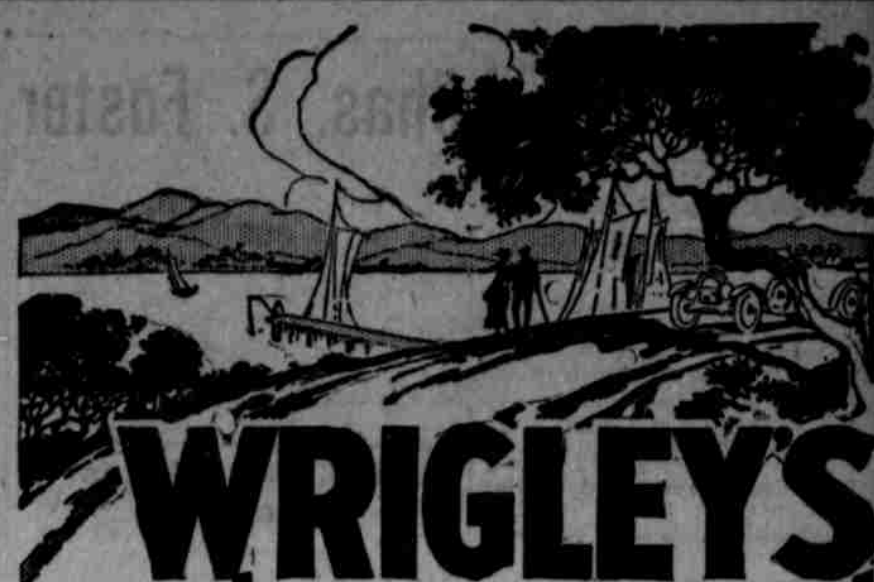
Newlywed—I shall hereafter. He's such a brainless donkey.

### An Audacious Guest.

"The lions never touched Daniel when he was thrown into their den." "Maybe," ventured the painfully precocious child, "it was meatless day."

Too many people have this rule of conduct: "Work not lest ye be worked."

Paradoxical as it may seem, the cradle of the deep is on top of the ocean bed.



"After every meal"

Spring is in the air—the fields and woods and waters call—

And to add to the zest of outdoor pleasures nothing affords the long-lasting refreshment of WRIGLEY'S—

So carry it always with you.

The Flavor Lasts



## As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** correct **CONSTIPATION**

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of Iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by **Carter's Iron Pills**

**NEAL DRINK HABIT**

Call or write 813 E. 4th St. Confidentially. Tell How You Can EASILY

## HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Do you feel tired and "worn-out"? Are you nervous and irritable? Don't sleep well at night? Have a "dragged out," unrested feeling when you get up in the morning? Dizzy spells? Bilious? Bad taste in the mouth, backache, pain or soreness in the loins, and abdomen? Severe distress when urinating, bloody, cloudy urine or sediment? All these indicate gravel or stone in the bladder, or that the poisonous microbes, which are always in your system, have attacked your kidneys.

You should use GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules immediately. The oil soaks gently into the walls and lining of the kidneys, and the little poisonous animal germs, which are causing the inflammation, are immediately attacked and chased out of your system without inconvenience or pain.

Don't ignore the "little pains and aches," especially backaches. They may be little now but there is no telling how soon a dangerous or fatal disease of which they are the forerunners may show itself. Go after the cause of that backache at once, or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease.

Do not delay a minute. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. In 24 hours you will feel renewed health and vigor.

After you have cured yourself, continue to take one or two Capsules each day so as to keep in first-class condition, and ward off the danger of future attacks. Money refunded if they do not help you. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand, and thus be sure of getting the genuine.—Adv.

## Are You Bloated After Eating

With that gassy, puffy feeling, and hurting near your heart? For Quick Relief—Take ONE

**EATONIC** FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

You can fairly feel it work. It drives the GAS out of your body and the Bloat goes with it.

Removes Quickly—Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, etc. Get EATONIC from your Druggist with the DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Send for the "Eatonic" Book, Address: EATONIC Sweets Co., 1115-24 St. Webster Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

